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No. 9

The Masonic Craftsman

*Published Monthly at Boston,
Massachusetts, in the Interest
of Freemasonry*

In This Issue: "Master Builders" by Lorne Pierce

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SPRING

By RICHARD HOVEY

*I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and
a ceiling.
I have need of the sky,
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is
wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden, aware of a doom
drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy,
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country
roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles today,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."*

NEW ENGLAND Masonic Craftsman

ALFRED HAMPDEN MOORHOUSE, *Editor*

MEMBER MASONIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

27 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. Telephone HANcock 6451

VOL. 32

MAY, 1937

No. 9

WHITHER? The oceans of words poured forth daily in behalf of this cause and that—most of them having their genesis in a desire to alter existing conditions—and to a considerable degree successful—especially in those countries where the democratic principle has been subordinated by ruthless forces to a mere whisper, give a new meaning to propaganda.

By it and through it the complexion of the world has been changed. Bewildered peoples are led along strange paths into State slavery of a malignant sort. Individual identity has been lost.

Hence if that thing which we call civilization and which has brought comfort and happiness to millions is to survive, a reasoned analysis of the causes of present unrest is desirable.

Opinion is largely made through the medium of the press and the radio. This is understandable, for no man can properly evaluate all the daily doings in the world's chancelleries except through reports which come to him in this way. It is to assure a proper presentation of current events that friends of democracy will seek to present the truth.

To insure that this current of opinion shall find its appropriate expression it is our plain duty to use every effort to make our organization efficient in every part of the country, to preach our faith without fear or favor, striving by all means to bring into active co-operation the large volume of opinion dissatisfied with present trends and distrustful of too radical tendencies. This is not treason to Freemasonry. It is but the expression of a fixed will in the worthy cause of Truth. Sometimes because of the lack of a clear statement a wrong impression of objectives arises. This is to be deplored; the world should be made aware of the fact that the Craft stands four-square to the greatest happiness to the greatest number—always. The weak and defenceless are its care and the cause of righteousness the special responsibility of the whole Craft.

What then is our position now? Is our civilization growing or decaying? Will it collapse or has it collapsed already? There is no "law" of progress. Mother Nature, who makes us, exterminates us also unless we obey her—and what are her laws as they affect the life of civilized man today? It is a portentous question and worthy of deepest thought. The joys of life and their further unfolding in a humaner future are ours and our children's only if we can learn to be worthy of them and to protect ourselves against enemies without and within.

BUILDERS In all the literature of the Craft emphasis is stressed on each newcomer to its ranks that he thereby becomes a "builder"; ritualistic terminology teems with reference to it—and since Freemasonry is a speculative rather than an operative science, its speculations lead into the realm of the spiritual rather than the material or physical.

Ritual, lectures, admonitory elucidations alike set forth the progressive steps whereby men advance to a comprehension of their responsibilities, pointing the way to useful service in behalf of their fellow men and a realization of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

Misleading information sometimes comes to the average member, from uncertain sources, and however well-intentioned its authorship, confusion results and the pathway to Masonic perfection as a consequence is obscured.

Now and then a genuine ray of pure light shines through the gloom and illumines the way of the Masonic traveler. These rays are generally directed by men whose minds have grasped the real significance of brotherhood and whose intellect and natural ability give them the power and facility to translate into understandable and beautiful language the message of the Craft.

Such a one has just reached us. In the "Master Builders," written by a distinguished Craftsman, Lorne Pierce, of Toronto, Canada, and which the CRAFTSMAN has great pleasure in reproducing in full in this issue, is to be found a crystal clear and inspiring message, of great beauty, inspiration and significance to every man who calls himself a Mason. It clears away doubt and shows the path unerringly.

Every Freemason should read this message, and to facilitate this purpose the CRAFTSMAN will shortly publish it in book form.

For the present we commend it to our readers, and on their behalf express to its gifted author, who has been kind enough to place in our hands the American rights of reproduction, grateful thanks for a worthy work deserving of a place in every man's library and a constant companion to his thoughtful moments.

SEARCH In his search for the ideal a Freemason will find himself among a very great company, for Freemasonry has no monopoly of virtue. So long as he faithfully searches, however, he may be commended, and good will come when he least expects it. One tribute to him may well be that of Goethe's saying

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Alfred Hampden Moorhouse, Editor and Publisher.

about "the mastery one finds because of his limitations."

Any quest for the absolute is, of course, a vain quest; for the essence of a thing in time and space is that it is perceived by subjective vision and imagination. But broadly speaking we can make a fair distinction by an interpretation which works from external form inwards and an interpretation which seems to reverse the process and tells us of the searcher's reactions and way of thinking of the true but unattainable concept.

The Mason's striving, therefor, may well be charac-

terized by his own simplicity, for in all conscience no impressive gestures are needed to fill his function or make his merit known. All too often the theatric obscures the real and the playing for effect so common among men today is not necessarily any criterion of real worth or merit. If one catches the true heart-beat of the fraternity and keeps its rhythm constant in his own heart, he avoids the reproach of achieving the perfection of embalment which gives the "more lifelike than life" of the artificial fruit under the glass cover. In other words—he wins through truth and not through artificiality.

A Monthly Symposium

Masonic Publicity and the Masonic Press

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PUBLICITY AND THE CRAFT

By ALFRED H. MOORHOUSE
Editor *Masonic Craftsman*, Boston

THE generic term "publicity" is one which is much abused. Instinctively are conjured up thoughts of high-pressure selling campaigns, political propagandists, film "favorites" etc., etc. and a hundred and one devices all clamoring for attention of readers to their virtues and desirability. In their zeal to proclaim the merits of product and performance and personality glib writers and professional boosters seek, with scant restraint of pen and brush, to gild the lily, so that there is cynical suspicion of the merit of it all. "Publicity" is an unlovely word mainly because of the abuse to which it has been so frequently subjected.

Looked at in this light of the general acceptance of the term, Freemasonry needs no "publicity", nor is it desirable.

That the Craft shall appear as a sterile thing, without life or merit or interest so far as the outside world is concerned is equally undesirable. Possessing a tremendously potential power for useful service to the community, a knowledge of its objectives and methods of attaining them is quite proper—and the best medium of informing the world of these is the printed word.

Discretion and good taste, rather than expediency should control in all contacts with readers outside the Craft; care should be exercised at all times that only the Truth be published. Failure or carelessness in this respect will inevitably lead to misunderstanding or doubt, and lay the Craft open to uncomplimentary criticism.

It is not necessary that the world be informed of the inner workings of lodges, its finances, candidates and those other private matters of particular consequence to the lodge alone. In the broader field outside, however, there is much which the world needs that the fraternity can give which should be known and which may with perfect propriety be published.

Putting aside the purely personal and often platitudinous praise which some men holding high office love to read about themselves in the journals of the Craft the record of its constructive work in any cause of civic righteousness certainly deserves to be recorded.

Much of the best ability in the country is possessed by Freemasons; why should not the world be made aware of this. Daily, hourly, tremendous influences for good which have their genesis in Freemasonry are at work. Does the world know this? Fascism, Nazism, Communism, Socialism are all actively at work to destroy liberty-loving institutions. Does the great reading public know that these powerful agencies are being combatted by truth-loving Freemasons, who are opposed to them almost to a man?

Narrow souls who seek to hide the light of Masonic truth under a bushel are taking a step toward its ultimate destruction. The tender and temperamental gentlemen in high office who set up a howl when their toes are trod on journalistically are doing themselves and the Craft alike a disservice when they seek to submerge Masonic journals to the status of hopeless mediocrity.

There is no fear of the success of such effort, however, for always there will be free men with sufficient courage and love of the Craft to raise its flag to a point where it may be seen, and in so far as the mass of humanity are concerned, there need be no concern as to any harm "publicity" may do it.

As we have said before, standards should be high and only truthful records printed, but they *should* be

printed, and if the purists are offended thereby, it can only be contended that the great majority of Freemasons will be found to favor a sound Masonic literature for the obvious advantage it has in the diffusion of Light.

NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED

By JOS. E. MORCOMBE
Editor *Masonic World*, San Francisco

"MASONIC Publicity and the Masonic Press." This, our present subject, if extended as its importance deserves, would accry with advantage through a considerable series of articles. Its pertinence will be apparent to every reader.



We are confronted at the outset with the fact that a proper Masonic publicity is hedged about in such manner that the influence of its mediums is small indeed. The indifference of Masons is generally blamed for such weakness, in that they fail to support worthy journals. Some of us might look elsewhere for the principal difficulty. In but few jurisdictions are Craft periodicals considered as worthy of the attention of those in authority, unless by chance important toe are trodden upon or the susceptibilities of those in high places are ruffled.

At the recent conference of Grand Masters, held at the national capital, one of the topics on the agenda was titled "Masonic Publicity." One reading the discussion could hardly avoid the suspicion that some of the distinguished brothers present were concerned lest the fraternal press should gain to a larger freedom than has been hitherto accounted as its proper sphere. There is evident a fear that pages devoted to a continual rehashing of the cardinal virtues and the fag-ends of primary moralities, might be opened to discussions in which Masons, as men, might have a very real interest, and Masonry, as an institution, must have concern, or pay the penalty of failure to adjust itself to the changing thought of the time.

The editor and publisher of a Masonic journal is therefore between the devil and the deep sea. If he acquiesces in the ideas that seem to govern in some jurisdictions his product will be of a wishy-washy sort, without fiber or coherence—a mere bulletin of trivial happenings or a melange of fables, guesses or far-fetched mystical significances. Such a publication can gain neither repute or support, being undeserving. If, on the other hand, the brothers responsible for the periodical prefer and insist upon dealing with real and timely topics, stressing the connection therewith that such things are outgrowths of Masonic principles, and based upon Masonic opportunity and duty, he can expect no show of approval from the powers that be. The editor in such case, if his locality is ruled in the good old-fashioned orthodox way, is apt to encounter official frowns and reproofs.

Within our own experience we have heard Grand Masters dogmatically declare that any Masonic peri-

odical was an injury to the fraternity, in that it diverted that attention and offered erroneous counsel to the young and uninformed Mason. But so far as such official was concerned, no effort was made in other ways to instruct the ignorant brother, for whom the official heart was bleeding. Seemingly a Mason was by such a one esteemed most highly as being ignorant, credulous and docile.

The path of the Masonic editor and publisher is not bordered with flowers, nor are the returns for their labors likely to excite the envy of others. Yet the Craft in every jurisdiction has profited, weekly or monthly, by the self-sacrificing work of brothers who are loyally striving to improve their fellows by counsel and instruction. For of their efforts through the years have come the enlargement of Craft horizons, the accentuation of duties that are integral to Masonic principles and ideals, and the dissipation of old notions that could not fit in with the forward moving thought of the age and the stern necessities of associated being in a new time.

PUBLICITY IS BENEFICIAL

By WM. C. RAPP
Editor *Masonic Chronicle*, Chicago

OUR present topic resolves itself primarily into the question whether the publicity given to Masonry, Masons and Masonic activities by the fraternal press is injurious or of benefit to the institution of Freemasonry. Necessarily involved, however, is the matter of all publicity regarding the fraternity—history, books, research work, addresses and Masonic contact with the world at large, anything relating to the institution which may by any possibility come to the knowledge of non-Masons.



There is a wide difference of opinion, ranging from those who would keep from the world every vestige of information concerning the fraternity, to those who frankly advocate judicious secular publicity: call it advertising, if you will.

Practically all Masonic literature is intended for consumption within the confines of the craft, and but a negligible portion of it is perused by others, for it is of scant interest to the profane. Yet the printed word cannot be prevented from falling into the hands of those for whom it is not intended.

It is generally admitted that Freemasonry has nothing to conceal from the world, with the exception of its esoteric ritual and its business affairs which concern no one but its members. Its principles and practices, its history and symbolism, its aims and objects, are an open book to all who care to acquire the information.

As between the products of the historian, research worker and symbolist, and that of the periodical press, the former are by far the more revealing and come much closer to disclosing those meager secrets of the craft. Their work is indeed a labor of love and their

audience lamentably small. The work of the fraternal press is as a whole of less permanent worth, being largely devoted to current topics and the detailing of routine activities, yet it has a tremendous value in stimulating and developing the interest of the rank and file. With the exception of a few official Grand Lodge publications they are private ventures, yet they are subject to official restraint if the bounds of propriety are transgressed.

At the recent conference of Grand Masters the subject of Masonic publicity was ably discussed, with both commendation and disapproval freely expressed. Quotations of opinions expressed in days gone by were given, of which we excerpt two of conflicting tenor.

In 1841 the Grand Lodge of England adopted resolutions in part as follows: "That the publication by Masons of the proceedings and concerns of Masonry, or furnishing materials for such publications, are traitorous violations of this most important privilege . . . ; if not discouraged and suppressed must ultimately destroy the respectability and even hazard the existence of the craft."

More than half a century ago a Grand Master of New York said: "Suppress publicity, hide away your lodges in holes and corners, wrap yourselves in an impenetrable veil of secrecy, and in ten years the fraternity would be decimated, and in ten more 'Ichabod' be written upon the door posts."

Neither statement is true. If publicity destroys the respectability of the craft it deserves to lose its existence. On the other hand, the suppression of all publicity will not destroy the institution. Nevertheless, we believe that under present day conditions publicity within our own circle is not only of benefit to the fraternity, but necessary for the advancement of the welfare of the institution.

IMPORTANT AND NECESSARY

By J. A. FETTERLY
Editor *Masonic Tidings*, Milwaukee

IN his admirable and valuable Revised Edition of Mackey's Encyclopedia of Freemasonry, the late Bro. Robert I. Clegg says regarding Masonic publications:



"The fact that within the past few years, Freemasonry has taken its place—and an imposing one, too—in the literature of the times; that men of genius and learning have devoted themselves to its investigation; that its principles and its system have become matters of study and research; and that the results of this labor of inquiry have been given, and still continue to be given, to the

world at large, in the form of treatises on Masonic science, have at length introduced the new question among the Fraternity, whether Masonic books are of good or of evil tendency to the Institution.

"Many well-meaning but timid members of the Fraternity object to the freedom with which Masonic topics are discussed in printed works. They think that the veil is too much withdrawn by modern Masonic writers, and that all doctrine and instruction should be confined to oral teaching, within the limits of the lodge-room. Hence, to them, the art of printing becomes useless for the diffusion of Masonic knowledge; and thus, whatever may be the attainments of a Masonic scholar, the fruits of his study and experience would be confined to the narrow limits of his personal presence."

While knowledge, experience and enlightenment has materially lessened their number, there are yet well-meaning, though timid, members of the Craft who see untold damage and harm done by the freedom with which Masonic subjects are discussed in Masonic books and journals. They believe all discussions of Masonic matters should be "from mouth to ear" and within the tiled lodge.

Such men take no thought of the hundreds of scholars whose discoveries, conclusions or theories on the history, philosophy, symbolism or jurisprudence would thus be rendered almost valueless to the Craft. They do not distinguish between these subjects and between ritualistic or strictly esoteric disclosures.

To us it seems conclusive that too much cannot be written or painted on the various phases of Freemasonry as long as due regard is had for its esotery. The more of it we can get the better Masons we will all become and the more of it the general public can get, the better it will be for civilization. As in geology, anthropology or any of the other arts and sciences, a new book or an article in a magazine by some Masonic scholar, enriches the mind and broadens the horizon of the reader. Without publication, their benefit would be extremely limited.

Coming down to the field of the Masonic magazine and its usefulness or uselessness, it can only be pointed out that educational articles are thus given a far under circulation and a more continuous flow than if such articles were in book form only. Many men will read a magazine article who flinch at sight of a book.

Then, too, there is the utilitarian aspect of the case. Probably every publisher of a Masonic magazine has been called upon many times by the Grand Master, or some other official to "put across" some item of general interest in his jurisdiction, some appeal or to elaborate upon some phase of an edict or other formal statement. Again, such a publication stimulates thought and discussion of Masonic subjects, thus affording a sort of clearing house for Grand Lodge officials.

The value of such publications is hardly open to argument any more. It has been too often and too conclusively demonstrated. Truth of this assertion is seen in the fact that five states now have their own monthly magazines, while several others have either the moral or financial support—or both—of their respective Grand Lodges.

It is our conviction the number of these will grow.

MASTER BUILDERS*

By LORNE PIERCE, S.T.D., LL.D., LITT.D., F.R.S.C.

TO MY FRIEND, DR. LEWIS F. RIGGS, 33°

I. WHAT IS MASONRY?

FREEMASONRY is a way of looking at—or thinking about—life. If there were no centre to our living, no integrating principle at the core of our thought, life would be chaotic and meaningless. But Masonry insists in many ways that there is a vital and organizing centre. There is no mistaking the significance of its allegory. Some may escape the compact reasoning of its ritual, but those who run may read the insistent argument of its symbolism.

The founders of Masonry were wise in this. Man's first words were mimic sounds, and his first letters were the actual pictures of things. Man insisted that his meaning should be clear. There is no mistaking the blunt, practical idiom of Doric, or the florid and imaginative gesture of Corinthian. The marbles of Praxiteles speak of balance and repose, while those of Michelangelo cry aloud their striving and divine unrest. No one can mistake this. The Memorial Shrine on Edinburgh rock has been described as "The Flowers of the Forest in Stone," and no one can see it without realizing as never before the dignity and refined sentiment of the Scottish people. The Cathedral of Amiens was built to signal the triumph of mankind over time. People believed that the world would end in the year 1000, and when it did not they raised this great fane as a memorial to triumphant life. Every line of it speaks of upsoaring life, of boundless and invincible energy. The lusty zeal for life, the quaint piety of the mystic, the seraphic contemplation of the saint, are symbolized forever in the canvases of Rubens, Memling and Raphael. There comes a time when words fail, and for the rest we must depend upon hints and suggestions—music, art, architecture and story. By any and every means we will read the crowded allegory called *Life*.

Man is filled with a quenchless thirst to know the meaning of life, and upon that fact Masonry is builded. Man desires to know how he may find himself, discover his right work and place in the world, know happiness, and face the shadows without flinching. He explores many means by which he hopes to wrest the secret, for life is aimless and defeated until he finds it. Some find the clue in art, in music, books, or some dim cathedral. Others guess at it as they stand in the Porta Nigra and see the legions of Rome swarming after their gleaming eagles into Gaul, or pause by the Rhine and behold the armies of Caesar, Charlemagne and Attila surging under the banners of their gods. Why all this titanic energy? Were the goals worth the frenzy and the striving? What kept men going, and toward what were they urging? Were they mad or

inspired? Who wins, Emperor Julian, or the pale Gaulean?

Those who cannot travel may find the clue in books. They read not simply to kill time, but to participate wisely in the life of their time and to extend their range. Through books men question the wisest and the best spirits of all ages and every place, in order that they may steer a better course. In libraries they become acquainted with great artists in words, and so are able to erect suitable standards of taste and judgment. Entering into the world of master leaders and sublime adventurers they become skilful in appraising character, both in themselves and others, learn to understand the motives which have dominated the best men and seek out higher goals for their own striving. Through such discipline emerges new confidence, a surer sense of power, and lasting joy. Literature is life, and it makes us divinely aware of the life that is within us, as well as that which is about us. "Literature makes us think about more things, and think more about them." (*Raymond.*)

Freemasonry is a point of view, and is represented in a certain unmistakable type of experience. The insistence of Masonry upon this is too well known to require comment. Through learning, virtue, and industry, men are urged to become ornaments of society. A worshipful brother was one full of worth, or as we would say, good for something. In thought and deed he was worthy of respect. The Craft was born out of the restless energy, the questing and striving of the Middle Ages. Because the robust spirit of that age expressed itself most adequately in castle and cathedral, the guilds of masons became strong and even indispensable. From local organizations they expanded into international fraternities. No race or creed was barred, but a member must be a master of the craft. If you wish to discover the genius of our ancient brethren you must study their creations. They carried their learning lightly, and were not afraid to laugh. The gargoyles and other airy trifles with which they adorned their edifices are proof of this. But the main thing was no laughing matter. Go into Amiens Cathedral. At the main entrance you will find a block of marble let into the floor near the main entrance, and in the centre of it is a foot-print. The architect laid it there and expected that you would stop for a moment, place your right foot in the print he carved, then stand and look. Masonry is like that. It bids you get your bearings, your point of view, and then enter sympathetically into the great experience of the Grand Architect as a fellow-craftsman. Outside the Church of the Virgin in Munich, and other great churches, there may still be seen rusting iron handles let into the masonry. Those who fled from the law might grasp them and have life. Indeed the whole edifice chants of life,—

pillar, vaulted roof, mediaeval glass, carved oak and sculptured marble. It sings of life, but a particular kind of life.

Our elder brothers in the Craft builded deathlessly because they breathed the air of an age of profound faith. The agnostic may smile at the reliques of Apostles and Saints, but that will not account for these miracles in stone. Suppose you really believed that you had a vial of the Blood of our Lord; could you imagine a more fitting home for it than the silver altar of Bruges? Suppose you believed that you had the true Crown of Thorns; can you think of a more perfect home for it than St. Sauveur in Paris? Could a more logical shrine be built to Augustine of England than Canterbury, or the splendour of the Normans be so superbly revealed as in Winchester and Durham? St. Etienne, at Sens, echoed to the legions of Brennus of Gaul, and witnessed the trial of Abelard before St. Bernard; it housed the Crown of Thorns for safe keeping, and still treasures the relics of St. Thomas a Becket. Did not the architect build it worthily for such uses? St. Germaine held back the wild rabble of Picts and Scots by leading his Britons in shouting "Alleluia!" In St. Paul's, Frankfort-on-Main, Charlemagne, Maximilian, Luther, Goethe and Knox worshipped, and there the first German Constitution was prepared. Does not its crown-like spire fit it for such royal scenes? The Sant Ambrogio and the Santa Maria della Grazie, both in Milan, are deathless witnesses to the spirit of St. Ambrose and Leonardo Da Vinci. Boccaccio and Petrarch, Aldus and Erasmus, Titian and Tintoretto, Veronese and Galileo knelt in St. Mark's, and the Basilica of Venice is worthy of them. The splendour of the Christian faith burns upon the walls and ceilings of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

Wherever you go, you may see this spiritual certainty and forthrightness in the work of our Old Masters. They stood for a way of life, and they believed in it so emphatically that there can be no mistaking the goal of their striving. Now and then you detect a note of compromise. Here and there they fumbled. Once in a while you suspect that they lost sight of the real end and purpose as they neared the finish, for the creation loses its early simplicity and directness and wanders off into ornateness and decoration. Whether this was the architect's fault, or the ignorant vanity of the patron, it is hard to say, but they illustrate by contrast the main truth, that, with few exceptions, the masons of that age were men of sublime faith. They saw clearly the chief reason for the existence of their temple, and they drove the truth home by every device known to them. Whether the church celebrates the passing of an era, the triumph of an emperor, the homecoming of a saint's remains, or whatever it may be, you instinctively know that it is artistically right and morally true. So you uncover the head before it, and bend the knee in homage.

Just because Masonry began as a vision and a way of life, it was logical that it should culminate in a company of craftsmen. What the heart conceived and the head devised, the hand was bound to execute with promptness and skill. Indefatigable zeal and exertion were not enough; there had to be virtue, learning and

happiness, and by happiness we mean a joyous understanding and noble acceptance of life. While they erect their temples upon proper bases and within proper bounds, they first of all understood the underlying foundations of moral and spiritual truth, and the distances and relationships between lesser and greater values. In other words, Masonry in its halcyon days waited upon a great moral and spiritual aim, and until that was clear there could be no beginning. Those ancient builders waited upon a spiritual purpose so exalted that the cathedrals they erected, and the societies they founded, were grand to contemplate. Their words and the brotherhood flowered out of a profound spiritual experience. They represented a fresh and vital synthesis of life and faith, a crystallization of national self-respect and intellectual sincerity, and a passion for full-orbed living that resembled a melting flame. Masonry stood for something; it witnessed to something.

The point of view and the emotional and spiritual experiences of a past age will scarcely avail to-day. They must be discovered afresh to have any significance at all for us. There are those who declare that the times in which we live are not ripe for great enterprises such as we desire. They insist that this is a mad world, noisy, insane and venomous. They point out that everywhere men lack poise, lack decency and courtesy, lack common honesty. They ask you to read the headlines in the press, to listen to the vulgarity of the radio, and then say what it is all about. There are honest people who insist that we not only lack a solid foundation upon which to build, but that brotherhood among the builders does not mean a thing.

In spite of all this no can deny that the times in which we live are as auspicious as any that have gone before. It is too easy to idealize the Middle Ages, and to condemn our own times. Had the elder craftsmen succumbed to complacency there would have been no spires and turrets of Lincoln to salute the sun, no Rheims soaring in rapture, no Chartres burgeoning from the earth, no miracle of Rouen or St. Stephen. We are past the time when one simple faith may cement humanity, but we are not past the time when men may wrest from the welter of truth and humbug a divine principle, and build upon it daringly and triumphantly.

This leads to the vocation of Freemasonry in the new world. It is not enough merely to confer degrees when men everywhere crowd about our temples, beaten, homeless and terrified. It is not enough to hide in sonorous ritual when awful unrest surges about us. It is not enough to tinker with bylaws when the laws of fundamental decency are violated openly, when social injustice smells to heaven. It is not enough to call men brothers, and mutter smooth phrases about fraternity, honour and virtue, and then silently permit inhuman and disgraceful dealings between obligated fellow-craftsmen and fellow citizens. The Prince of Wales is reported to have exclaimed upon a visit to a mining town: "My God! this is a disgrace to the name of Englishmen." If the five points of fellowship mean little to many Masons in their mutual dealings, what chance would an outsider have? Out upon it! There can be no revival of Masonry, or any building in the manner of the grand tradition, until there is a revival of the

spirit of the Founders — brotherly love, relief and truth. They bet their very lives upon that, wagered all and won!

Grand jurisdictions here and there are wrestling with the problem. Some are revising the ritual, hoping to inject more interest and pageantry into it. Others are competing with service clubs, and sponsor libraries, art, playgrounds and so on. This does not seem enough. The Founders drew upon the best minds and talents in their world. They fashioned out of stone the dream of a beloved community, some holy place in which all ranks would find strength and solace and a goal for their days. Every living being, every interest, every sorrow or delight, met there, and was glorified by beauty and a dedicated way of life. Somehow we must return to the old tradition, and find new work for the old trestle-board. Masonry must adhere to its historic principles and ideals, and not clutter itself with imitations of contemporary movements and fads. It must build upon the old foundations a new structure fitted for the purposes of this day. It must go out again into the community and assess the needs of the community. In the United States, France, Italy and Spain, Freemasonry fostered free democratic ideals and hastened a new era. In Canada we have all the freedom we can use, therefore our methods will be different. There still is cherished in our lodges the noble idea about life, and how it should be lived. Masonry is doomed as a club, but as a spiritual force its glories may yet crown the sublime achievements of those who planted the cathedrals for the glory of the Most High—and for the good of the most humble.

The Golden Bull or edict, drawn up at Nuremberg, in 1365, outlined the honour and reverence which the Electors should pay the Emperor. Karl IV of Bavaria, in memory of the edict, had a mechanical clock mounted over the door of the Frauenkirche. At the hour of noon heralds blew their trumpets, and the toy Emperor raised his sceptre. Then, out of a recess filed the Electors, bowed low before the throne, and passed into darkness again. Six centuries have passed, and still symbols of dead Electors bow to the symbol of a dead empire. You may see the same thing at Wells, Prague and Strasburg cathedrals. And you may see a lesson in them if you like!

II. THE LOST WORD

We train our faculties for specific tasks. The alert eye and ear of the watchman, the fastidious taste of the wine-taster and the critical sense of the perfume expert are the result of long and careful discipline. Some scholars see no further than the printed page; some workmen see nothing beyond the bench. There are many whose range of vision does not extend beyond the line fence, and there are line fences of many sorts.

It is difficult to think of an astronomer with a narrow mind. The vastness of the sea, and the wide horizons of the prairie, seem to impart breadth both to the vision and sympathies of those who live upon them. The study of history, especially world history, is an excellent training for the acquirement of a broad outlook. Over against this world background we place the affairs of the day, and things fall into their proper perspective.

tive. The big events look significant, and trivial matters appear insignificant.

There has been nothing lost that is vital to our triumphant living. Nothing goes out of the world like that. If the cub recollects the traditional fear of its arch enemy, why should men doubt that the magic word still remains with them? How may we train our eyes and sharpen our hearing to discover it? When found, by what means shall we test its validity and significance?

At the very beginning of the volume of the Sacred Law, God is dramatically represented as appearing to the first family, and inquiring "Where is thy brother?" The very soil cried aloud the fundamental fact of brotherhood, and the whole of the Law, from first to last, insists upon the vital and deathless bond of kinsmen in the spirit. The crowning triumph of the Hebrew was, that as a race they freely and unreservedly placed themselves at the service of the Most High. Through triumph and disaster they persisted in their belief of a chosen people, and out of the refining culture of their suffering emerged the greatest brotherhood on earth.

Many regard a brotherhood as simply an institution, with special privileges for those who can pay, whereas every brotherhood known to man, whether guilds of craftsmen, monastic societies, orders of chivalry, or communities of other special interests, was established upon the principle of common sacrifice for a common end. The code might be honour, poverty, service, art or truth, but it was a vitalizing principle at the centre of everything. In spite of this living core of truth, failure would have been sure and certain had the members not bound themselves as blood-brothers of the spirit. In other words, the spark that kindled the community life, kept it warm and alive, and was simply understanding kindness, or as we say, love. Honour, the good life, and the quest for truth, were made significant and became alive through love. There should be no mystery about that: it ought to be stated boldly. The word is not lost, neither is its meaning lost. We may find it inconvenient at times, but there it is. And those who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear know that it is not lost, and they also know that those who ignore it are beaten. Over against this word the important things of life appear in their true proportions, while the small things shrink into utter insignificance.

Many, no doubt, are disappointed with Craft Masonry, and regret that the light is so dim, the true secrets lost, and the work suspended. Fortunately the Scottish Rite replaces the broken column with a perfect shaft. All is apprehended and completed in due course. It is then that the holy communion of brotherhood becomes radiantly beautiful and significant. The light shines with splendour to illumine not merely the living past but also the urgent present.

*What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;*

*Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly;
The answer is not here.
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."*

—O'Reilly.

Much has been made of the importance of words that have been lost and of secrets that have died with those who held them. The origin of this goes back to far-off times when names were tabooed. The name and the thing itself were held to be the same. Birth names were sacred; they were not revealed except under the most solemn circumstances, and even then in a whisper. If the name were mentioned virtue passed out of the one who bore the name. Therefore the name was disguised by every sort of cunning and device for fear someone might obtain power over another. Even gods and kings, supposed to be all-powerful, had substitute names. The effect of this is well known in the Old Testament. The Name might not be written or syllabled. Frequently high-sounding names were invented, Supreme Being, The Sublime, Illustrious, Most Worshipful and so on.

There is no special value in carrying this taboo of the hidden name over into our times, even by implication. No harm comes to anyone by calling a thing, or a fact, by its right name. Indeed only good can ever come of it, for the oftener we call things by their right names the better. The only advantage in retaining the taboo for ritualistic purposes is for its dramatic and impressive reminder that truth is not revealed in a flash, and that as we grow older, become more deeply initiated into the meaning and mystery of life and truth, we understand its ultimate significance the better. For the present the light burns fitfully, perhaps, but it does burn!

Happy indeed shall he be who comes to know that the All Highest, by whatever symbol He may be named, is the All Wise and All Loving, too. We call Him by many names, as we guess at the truth, but the time will come when we shall call Him by one name, which for us shall be the Ineffable Name, since it enshrines all we dared hope or believe. And no man shall speak that Name save only he who knows, and to those who also know, for to all others it will have neither music nor meaning. But to the brethren it will mean all of life and light there is.

III. ALLEGORY AND SYMBOL

Thomas Carlyle wrote a famous book on clothes. He set out to explain that our garments are not merely coverings for our nakedness, but that they are symbols of our true selves. It therefore happens that when we are most clothed we are most naked, for our inner selves are exposed and laid bare.

Our art and speech and everyday living are

crowded with these symbols. If we lack a symbol we invent one, for they make life more tolerable in many ways. They sum up a tradition or a point of view in a flash, a cross or crown, an arrow or a dove, compasses or a star. They speak for us, and they also speak to us. All of them convey more than mere words could utter. For proof of this look about you. Behind every symbol there is an allegory, a certain truth or way of life recorded in picturesque form.

This is why cathedral windows burn with flaming legions in mediaeval glass. This is why a hill-top burgeoons and blossoms in campanile, turret and spire woven all about with flowers and saints, beasts and birds and things never beheld on land or sea. Guilds of carvers, goldsmiths and weavers repeat the allegory in monument, screen, drapery and jewelled vessel. A Sansovino may design the baptistry doors, Titian may paint the altar piece, or Canova may crown a pinnacle with a radiant Rachael, but the chief architect subdued all to the main motive, the chief reason for the existence of the structure at all. The complete edifice is a perfect symbol, an orb of sovereignty, the sovereignty of a master motive. If one does not understand that central fact everything is meaningless and irrelevant. In the Palace of the Doges artists have glorified the long line of the Dukes of Venice, but there is one black and blank space, and this is where the portrait of Falerio should have been. He had been executed for treason, and his face could not be shown there. That black patch is one of the most terrible symbols to be found in the world, but only he who has eyes may see.

Masonic lodges are built round one inescapable symbol, and the lights are set, the ornaments arranged, and the whole plan of the structure, even its very ritual, ordered in keeping with that central truth. In the Church of St. Matthew at Trier they preserve what they believe to be the Robe of our Lord, a nail of the Cross and a fragment of the Calvary, along with the bones of the Apostle. For 1700 years they have been venerated as symbols of a triumphant and deathless love. No one can escape overwhelming emotion as one stands there and contemplates a shrine that has elevated the spirits of men for seventeen centuries. Near by, in the Market Square, there is a statue of St. Peter, and about the base four symbolical figures representing Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude and Justice. St. Matthew is said to have passed here. Caesars have stood here. Kingdoms have been builded and have crumbled since these symbols were housed in Trier, and time has only set the truths for which they stood in bolder relief. So it is with these symbols about you. They are progressive hints at truth, and those who understand may likewise enter into a more abundant life, a life, too, for which there is neither decay nor death. A system of morality, a logical and social way of living, there must be, else life would have neither centre nor circumference. Therefore we wisely portray it in allegory and illustrate it by symbols, because we are bound in all honesty to reveal it, exemplify it, and prove its truth to a waiting world.

The sublime works of the Grand Masters emphasize the truth of this in stone, painting, carved oak and jewelled glass. From the Paradise Porch, eloquent of

life, death, resurrection and the Last Judgment, up to the pinnacle of the Glory Tower holding the Cross on high, every square inch of surface proclaimed the exalted fact. Ghiberti spent twenty-five years carving the Baptistery doors for the Cathedral of Florence. His sculptured commentary upon the Old Testament became a school for mediaeval artists, but to Ghiberti the crowning glory was that through these gates those newly baptized passed into the arms of the Church and into a new life. The allegory of the Old Testament became a radiant door into a realization of the richer life of the New. In St. Bavon, Ghent, the vast painting by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck of The Adoration of the Lamb expresses in allegory and symbol what no words could tell—the glory and mystery of the Mass. Adam Krafft's ciborium in St. Lorenzkirche, Nuremberg, built in the likeness of a vast crozier, is not merely a "miracle of German art," but soars into the vaulted roof as an overwhelming symbol of triumphant love. The topmost figure is the Good Shepherd. He extends one hand in a benediction of peace and love, and in His left hand holds a banner of victory. In the history of Canterbury St. Augustine, Lanfranc and Anselm all pale before the name of St. Thomas a Becket. Fully to appreciate Canterbury you should commence with St. Thomas, just as at Westminster Abbey you must commence with The Confessor. Read the account of the visit of Erasmus to Canterbury, in 1513, and you will see how this astonishing creation in stone and marble flowered from the bones of that zealous bishop. Back of the unbelievably rich treasury crowded with chests of gold and gems, back of the exalted sublimity of the edifice, lay the hacked skull confined in the crypt, potent symbol of martyr and saint.

It is impossible to speak about Masonry without using these figures of speech in stone. Up to a certain point one may limit oneself to Solomon's Temple, but the Masonic idiom becomes vibrantly alive when one moves forward to the era of the cathedral builders. An emblem has its counterpart in a metaphor. A sprig of acacia is an emblem, a simple, candid name for another thing barely disguised; the metaphor would read: "For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take." A symbol is much more complex, because it stands for a whole series of events, a long and closely knit sequence of experiences, culminating in a sublime truth, and the true counterpart of the symbol is the allegory. An emblem may exist without its complementary metaphor, but a symbol is without vital significance apart from its supporting allegory. An anchor on a sleeve may denote a seaman, but emblazoned on a church window it speaks of the whole history of Faith. A crown on a mail cart tells of a King, but in cathedral glass it is eloquent of the indomitable hope of mankind. A harp may be simply an emblem for a bandsman, or may be a symbol rich with the tradition of worship. A plumb line is emblematic of rectitude, but the square and compasses are symbolic of the building of The Temple, and the legend is imperatively implied, just as the Cross requires the life story of our Lord. The symbolism of Masonry begins with living facts, and the allegory is most true that comes grandly down to our own day and touches

our own experience. Our grand masters were buried with fitting rites, but not more so than the Master Masons in the Middle Ages. When Alexander, Master Builder of St. Ouen, Rouen, was buried in his cathedral, they carved upon his tomb the plan of the famous rose window of the south transept as his most fitting epitaph. The whole history of the Craft, all that it is or ever aspired to do, its whole allegory of light and life and love, may be guessed in that symbolic epitaph.

IV. SECRECY

There can be no secrecy about the fundamental truths of life. Our days are like a weaver's shuttle; sooner or later the pattern must be revealed. We build our temples, each his own; one day the scaffolding falls, and the thing we built stands in the open. There is nothing important in living that is covered or hidden. The glance of an eye, the carving upon the face, even one's very posture and walk, shout what we are to all the world.

In a very real and profound sense Freemasonry is not a secret society at all. It is a broad and overshadowing panoply of the spirit. Certain signs and tokens are necessary as quick and sure means of identifying those who are members of this way of life, but the long haul of fellow citizens together will proclaim the reality of our initiation beyond the shadow of a doubt.

There are certain unmistakable signs by which brothers may detect the true craftsman. There are no narrow-minded Masons, because they are pledged to look North, East, South and West for truth, and honour it wherever they may find it. There is no German truth or Buddhist truth or Fascist truth; it is true east or west, rain or shine, and nothing else matters. There are no Masons who will oppose any experiment honestly made in the name of humanity. There are no Masons who will sit in bland indifference, smug bigotry, or in slavish and stupid love of their own way, while wrongs remain to be righted. There are no Masons who will stand idly by while beauty is violated and goodness reviled. There are no Masons who look up and fawn, or who look down and bully; their glance is level and kindly and tolerant. There are no irreverent Masons. They disdain profanity as cheap, but, what is far more important, they do not fear to uncover before the sublime facts of life.

The secret of Freemasonry is that there is no secret. When Egyptian priests erected temples and pyramids they orientated them on the solar line. The whole nation knew, and measured the days and seasons by them. Astronomical mathematics was a mystery to the layman, but there was no mystery as they saw it in practice. The scientific principle underlying the disposition of mass, the arch, buttress and vault, may have baffled the layman as he looked at a cathedral rising from the plain, yet he knew at a glance that this fane stood for the winsome piety of St. Francis, that for the valiant faith of St. Stephen, and the other for the splendour of motherhood in Mary.

Masonry has triumphed most when its work was least occult, as any one may know who reads history. It will recover its former glory when it steps boldly into the open. This it will do in its own way. It has a

work to do which none other can do so well. True to itself, to its ancient precepts and practices, it will, as in the first days, build upon the needs of time and place. Neither skill nor formula has ever been lost; they both await the summons of the hour. The result will be grand to contemplate.

V. THE TEMPLE

Solomon proved his kingship in many ways. He loved peace and fostered it, and under its gentle sway the arts and sciences flourished in his realm. His government was soundly based upon justice, which extended to the general welfare of the common people. Because of all this commerce expanded and prosperity increased.

Looking for the secret of Solomon's success one comes naturally to the Temple. He himself placed it first. By this he would be remembered. His memento should be an altar.

For four hundred years the temple was a tabernacle. It moved in the midst of the people during their nomadic days. Then when peace came, and a stable government was possible, the great tent of worship became an imposing Temple, fit symbol of the solidity and dignity of the nation itself. We are told that no hammer was heard in the building of this temple. There was of necessity argument; certainly there was noise and confusion in the quarries and workshops, but when the materials were put together there was neither conflict nor chaos. It all went up according to plan. Every country was scoured for materials with which to glorify the edifice and magnify the devotional service. Yet all of it came together as though the Temple were an organic growth, a flowering of the spirit. The purpose of the place was clear, the services it must render, and the divine homage it should pay. Therefore everything stood in the final completeness of the Temple as though it were inevitable and foreordained.

Solomon desired to feast the eyes of his people upon beauty. Every branch of the arts was employed to this great end. Yet loveliness was not enough. The house should be unmistakably the House of God, and fitting as the home of the Ark of the Covenant. If God and man had each bonded the one to the other could a more fit and noble structure witness that fact? In its amplitude, its strength and beauty? In its call to work and worship?

Not least important, Solomon identified the Temple with man and his age-old needs. If a House of God, then why not a home for Man? It should be a home for all the people, the centre of all their interests, the beginning, the middle and the end of all their days. The altar was the centre of it. About the altar he reared the Temple, and about the walls of the holy place he set about to establish a new society.

Any imitation of this Temple of Solomon should aspire to go the whole way. First, it was made fit for great ends, then the whole community was set to move about it. Baptisms and marriages, seed-time and harvest, worship and government, justice and pleasure, all were orientated about this place. There was no individual it did not touch, no feature of the national life it did not hallow and guide, no joy or sorrow that it did not enter into in a living way. And there is no

other substitute, try as we may. Unless the temple we build stands four-square at the heart of the community, touching life at all points, ennobling it, giving it centre and circumference, then it is of no earthly use.

The example set by Solomon was followed in the Middle Ages. Buildings and equipment changed, yet the fundamental impulse was the same. Baptismal processions met throngs of merchants come to bargain. Weddings encountered crowds preparing for festivals and dramas. Artists painted frescoes while courts of justice met beneath. There was no limit to the church's function because there was no limit to the people's need.

There is no mystery about this. The cathedral, and the Temple before it, were built as memorials to a way of living. Just so long as churches remained in close and vital contact with the life round about, showing the way, they flourished. When politics and hunger for power intervened they decayed. At their best they are eloquent of life.

"If you look closely at the few carvings remaining on the churches of the tenth and eleventh centuries, you will understand the terror under which all men were crushed as the thousandth year drew nearer, which was believed to be the end of the world. Grimacing dumbly in their stiffened attitudes of fear, these thin anatomies implore with clenched uplifted hands, the death that shall save them from the misery of their life. A world so filled with ruins might well give up all hope on this side of the tomb. The revolt of the Norman peasants had been crushed in blood. The first religious persecutions had begun. . . . The seasons in their courses seemed to fight against humanity, for famine and pestilence, storm and tempest swept down upon the land and the people died in thousands of sheer starvation. The Roman Empire had crumbled in dust; after it fell that of Charlemagne into the abyss. The chronicles of Raoul Glaber are full of the most gruesome details of cannibalism, of diabolical appearances, of tortures that cannot be named. The only refuge seemed to be within the walls of the churches, where the shivering congregations gathered, mute in a palsied supplication like the stone figures carved upon the walls above them. At last the terrible year passed by, and the stars fell not, nor did the heaven depart as a scroll when it is rolled together, and the kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men and every bondman and every freeman came forth to give thanks to the Holy Church for their deliverance."—(*The Story of Rouen*, Theodore Andrea Cook, Dent, p. 69.)

In Egyptian and all early carving, as well as in later painting, the relative importance of the persons represented was indicated by their relative sizes. Memling's paintings of the legend of Ste. Ursula, in the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, show the Saint towering above her virgin companions. We smile at this ingenuous trick although we repeat the strategy every day. We do so through our sense of values, not only with the things that crowd our homes, but in the importance with which we invest our institutions. A good

deal of this may be due to varying degrees of education, of social background, or of disciplined taste. On the other hand it is astonishing how right and unanimous a whole community becomes in the presence of profound needs or of desperate want. Just as the people with one mind crowded the cathedrals that they might escape the dreadful prophecy and so find life, so did they return again in order that they might relish the fulness of life, and discover new ways if enjoying it together. Common need is the world's best teacher of democracy.

The various guilds had not won their freedom before the end of the thirteenth century. The zenith of Gothic architecture coincided with their triumph, those years in which the heads of city communes were largely members of the craft guilds. Their architecture became blythe, glittering, colourful and rich in warm humanity. Every space was carved and coloured and bloomed with life. A similar movement appears in letters, in the work of Dante, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Petrarch, the Nibelungenlied, French romances, Icelandic Sagas, Froissart and the rest. Arches soared to the sky. Pillars swept upward and flamed in clouds of figures. "And upon every inch of wall they wrote and wrought upon living stone, *magistri de vivis lapidibus*, until every detail of the world of worshippers was gathered up and sanctified by this expression of its new found meaning, as a part of the mystery and the beauty of holiness." (*The Story of Rouen*, p. 119.)

"It is significant of the democratic nature of this architectural outburst, that the first communes signalized their liberty by the earliest cathedrals, at Noyon, Soissons, Laon, Rheims, Amiens, in the capital of France and in the capital of Normandy . . . Thus it is that the cathedrals are the first visible basis of that French nationality into which the scattered provinces of Gaul had expanded, the first germ of that creative genius of French art which has not yet lost its right of place in Europe, the first clear record of the national intellect. And the people were not slow to recognize the meaning of the carvings that were placed where all who ran might read, placed there by men of like passions with themselves, copied often so directly from themselves, that the cathedrals may be regarded as the great record of the ancestry of the common people. The emblazoned tomb, or the herald's parchment, might fitly chronicle the proud descent of the solitary feudal lord; but the brothers and kinsmen of his dependents were carved in their habits as they lived upon the church's walls, and there they work at their appointed tasks, and laugh at their superiors, unto this day. So the people filled their church with throngs of worshippers, with merry-making crowds, with vast audiences of the great Mediaeval Mystery Plays, with riotous assemblages sometimes not too decent, whose rough humour has been preserved for us in the thousand grotesque carvings of the time."—(*The Story of Rouen*, p. 120.)

The days ahead are bound to be trying for everyone. The foundations of the old order are breaking up, and men feel themselves adrift. There is work to do that is desperately needed. The building we would raise is no mere club-house. It must be a treasury of truths, a sanctuary from the storm, a place "out of the

wind's and the rain's way" where one may breathe the quiet air of steadfast good will and so grow ripe and wise. It has been done, will be done again and again, and we may do it, too. Ritual is of no avail until it goes out to the people and sets a song upon their lips. The covenant of brotherhood must be kept, and the promise of ages is that those who keep it shall be the true lords of the earth.

VI. DO YOU BRING ANYTHING WITH YOU?

One day in Paris a tourist approached a stranger and asked him how far it was to the Louvre. He had spent two or three days popping about the city, and was about to sail for home. One hour remained to view the vast treasures of the Louvre, and he wanted to see the "Mona Lisa," "Venus de Milo" and "The Horse Fair." He did not know that "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, was in New York. "Ma and I would awfully hate to tell the folks back home we had not seen them." This man had lived most of the human span, and this was his first and perhaps last trip abroad. The tragedy of it was that he got little or nothing out of his tour, because he brought little or nothing with him.

It is an old maxim, that we discover in a book or play or other work of art what we bring to them. Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" should be seen in the place for which it was painted, the dim nave of the beautiful church of the Frari in Venice. It requires that setting, and the white marble altar at its base, to give it the proper aesthetic context. But with all the outward conditions correct, unless the one who sees it can mount the chancel steps in spirit, and soar aloft with this divine creation, he has not really seen it at all. He might as well be beating time to a jazz band with his walking stick.

When the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon she made great sacrifices to get there. Moreover, not being satisfied with verbal reports of his wisdom and magnificence, she went prepared to meet them. No one can ask another's questions, so she came prepared to ask and listen.

Freemasonry offers a magnificent quest for truth, and perhaps this fact should be insisted upon more frequently in our contacts with those who seek its benefits. Are they honest with themselves who apply for membership, and are we honest in stating the meaning and purpose of our craft? Neither barefoot nor shod, neither naked nor clothed—in other words we bring nothing but ourselves, and the search begins and ends in the human heart. Little minds require only a meagre vocabulary, because their range is narrow and limited. Little souls are listless, because they have no vision that can transport them. All the glories of the Temple, all the appeal of allegory and symbol, can mean little or nothing to them.

The final test is not an emotional appreciation of the symbolism of the Temple, its art, music and ritual. Some may fail here who are still excellent Masons. The crowning test of one's preparedness is an understanding and demonstration of the several points of friendship. This is the real preparation and initiation. It is a call to brotherhood so deep and broad that those who understand it can never be the same again. The

centre of the universe shifts from oneself to others. If men have not a capacity for unfailing generosity, for perduring honesty, for unshakable decency and justice, they bring nothing in their hands. Not only can they give nothing, they can get nothing. Some of these linger on in the craft, and the things they sometimes do to brothers, or permit to be done, are ungodly. Our first Grand Masters preferred to die rather than be untrue to themselves and to others.

Candidates will discover little in Freemasonry unless they bring with them a rich capacity for friendship. Jane Addams pictured society as a closely-knit organism, sensitive and responsive in all its parts, and what she says applies with equal truth to Masonry. "This ideal comprehends a state of society, so unified by a sense of intelligent, sympathetic responsibility, that it shall perform the functions of a nervous system, where the interest or the injury of each member of society shall become the injury or the interest of us all."

It is absurd to imagine that such a social state would be a benevolent autocracy, a sentimental club ruled by an opulent Santa Claus. It suggests nothing of the sort, but it does picture a brotherhood that works. A brother will not merely refrain from doing indecent things, but will deliberately and intelligently undertake worthy ones, for the simple reason that his own happiness and security depend upon his neighbor's security and happiness.

No other qualification of a candidate outweighs this single, fundamental one—a capacity for friendship. No one can be a Mason without it. If we try our lodges become clubs, lounge rooms, anything except homes of the brotherhood. The Church of Ognissanti in Florence is dedicated to the Mother of our Lord. Over the altar Ghirlandajo has painted her. Botticelli, whose allegories of love hang in the Uffizi near by, is buried here. If you look closely you will see that the Madonna has taken under her protection the Vespucci family. Not far from Botticelli's tomb you will see that of Amerigo Vespucci, who was buried there in 1512. He who faced the uncharted western sea, and gave his name to the New World, sailed with the confident assurance that she who protected his home would shepherd him under strange skies. Men can face anything with a friend's hand in theirs. He who belongs to the brotherhood may look in the face of death without flinching, and, what is much more, he can welcome the tasks of tomorrow without despair. Take this away and nothing remains.

*And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.*

VII. THE PILLARS

The cathedral builders lavished skill and wealth upon the doorways. The Royal Porch of Chartres told in sculpture the story of creation, and the life of Our Lord, crowning all with the risen Christ sitting in judgment—the King of Kings. In every other great cathedral it was the same. Everyone might read the book of life in sculptured figures row upon row. Even the cold stone was painted in gold, azure and crimson, and made to glow. Sometimes the porch stressed the heavenly life less and the earthly more. The Booksellers Door in Rouen Cathedral, about which clustered the

book stalls of the Middle Ages, was of the latter sort. There you will find over seven hundred major and minor carvings reflecting the zest for life that inspired craftsmen. A pig in monk's cowl plays a fiddle. A gay woman of the court of Alexander the Great sits astride the neck of Aristotle, wisest of men, who is saddled and bridled and merrily flogged, showing the immemorial supremacy of woman over man. Ste. Genevieve stands with a Bible in her left hand and a candle in her right. Upon one shoulder a small angel tries to light the candle, while on the other shoulder a little devil with bellows tried to blow it out. However they carved, these old master builders were unanimous in their conviction, that the entrance to the cathedral was a gateway of life, a royal porch leading from the life they knew to the life they desired.

John Bunyan was a tinsmith of sorts, but the chief thing about him was, that he had a vision of life as it should be lived. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is nothing less than a highway reaching from earth to heaven. In it, as you know, he sets out to show how one may achieve the good life. You remember the passage:

"Then said the Evangelist, 'If this be thy condition why standest thou still?' He answered, 'Because I know not whither to go.' Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was writing within, 'Fly from the wrath to come!'

"The man therefore read it, and, looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, 'Whither must I fly?' Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, 'Do you see yonder wicket-gate?' The man said, 'No.' Then said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?' He said, 'I think I do.' Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto; so shalt thou see the gate; at which when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.' So I saw in my dreams that the man began to run. Now had he not run far from his own door, but his wife and children, perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying, 'Life! life! eternal life!'

Life! That, I take it, is why we are Freemasons. That was the import of our passing between the pillars upon our entrance. They declared that, by their beauty and strength, something strong and beautiful would be established. What was that? The old word was "righteousness." There is nothing dreadful or mysterious about it; it means rightness, fundamental decency and honesty. The Charge in the first degree stressed this in its insistence upon the duties one owes to God, to one's neighbour and to oneself. The end of it all was not mere respectability, but that a man might become a living pattern.

All the brotherhoods, all the reform agencies in the world, are useless if justice and mercy go by the board when they are most needed. All the books and addresses about fraternity are a mockery, if the hand and word of a friend are denied when they would give life. We multiply laws until there are millions of them, and there still remains one law that sums up all the rest—Love one another. We pass through the portal into this new world of fragrant operative friendship.

We enter because, in a way, we must. No one can

say, "Let well enough alone," if he looks about him. We do not flee from despair, from the intolerable disgrace of many features of our modern life. We seek light that we may establish our own feet in the right way. We hope that in the life of a brotherhood the law of brotherhood may somehow prevail, both within and without its walls. In a word, we trust that in a smaller world, where levels and squares and perpendiculars are working tools, human relationships will be upright and on the level, and therefore life filled with joy and a profound sense of security and significance. At any rate, we will keep that shining light in the eye, and hope that we may yet pass through the gate.

VIII. ROUGH AND FINISHED STONES

Darwin's *Origin of Species* changed the point of view of the world overnight. Most people understood only half the truth, and believed that progress rested upon force, competition, the extinction of the unfit, ruthless self-interest, "biological necessity" and "the right of conquest." The watchword came to be Efficiency, instead of Co-operation. Swim if you can: If you can't, then sink. It was a new world in which morality and religion were supposed, by a good many, to give way to the survival of the physically fit. That is to say, the law of the jungle was considered equally effective as the rule for human beings.

The pagan, of course, believed all this. His standards of life did not extend beyond self-interest. All his thinking rotated round his own desires. This point of view has never wholly left the world. There are still societies and individuals with no interests outside themselves, and therefore they are in every respect pagan. A good deal of this pagan ethic may still be noticed in family and business life, and even in education and religion. Not a few regard the words of Nietzsche as inspired: "I impeach the greatest blasphemy in time—the religion which has charmed and softened us . . . The best things belong to us, and if men do not give us these things, we take them." Well, it needed ten million dead, and five times as many wounded, starved and broken, to prove him wrong, but some are not convinced yet.

The rough ashlar represents man under the law of primitive instinct and reason. The perfect ashlar typifies man, squared with moral truth, a fit and proper person to become a part of the brotherhood of the spirit. Carlyle calls the greatest men of this type Heroes, and Emerson speaks of them as Representative Men. Each man builds his own pantheon, and fills it with the characters he best likes to imitate. Whether it be a St. Francis or a Luther, a Hampden or a Mazzini, or whoever it may be, we try and prove our working tools upon them.

In our own Craft there have been many such finished stones. Four-square they were for truth, honour, beauty and virtue, and because of them our mother lodges have gained dignity, purpose and consequence. Everyone recalls the names of those without whom life would have been poor indeed. They ruled their lodges by the imperial rectitude of their characters. We choose our succeeding officers, admit candidates, and conduct the business of the Craft in the light of their lives. Though dead they rule, and enter into the very

character of the place. When we speak of brotherhood we measure its height and depth and length and breadth by these perfected stones. Yet it can be done, and when done the very bearing of the brethren reflects the tradition, and their language and gestures are open witnesses to the fact.

There is no place in our symbolism for the partly-finished stone, for the one upon which the work was well begun and then never finished. Perhaps the reason is because they are so sad to contemplate. One thinks of the uncompleted painting behind the high altar of the cathedral of Florence, Michaelangelo's "Deposition from the Cross." The artist intended this for his own tomb. Look closely at Nicodemus. It is Michaelangelo himself, and that face bending over the group is "full of unutterable love and sorrow." It is a glorious picture so far as it goes, but it is a fragment, unfinished, pathetic. Milan Cathedral likewise comes to mind. On its site St. Ambrose defied Empress Justinia. Here stood St. Augustine with Monica his mother. The present Cathedral was begun by Gian Galeazzo, to celebrate the birth of the Virgin (*Mariae Nascenti*, reads the facade, to the Birth of Motherhood), but in reality to symbolize his own vast ambition. Years dragged on; the original purpose was forgotten, and it degenerated into a "monstrous sugar-cake" — un-inspired, superficial, exaggerated. Even the High Altar is tawdry. Begin your exploration of the work of the mediaeval master builders at Amiens, but you end it here, a florid fane hastily finished by Napoleon Bonaparte. When Masonry became speculative it retained the field of ideas, of principles, but work nevertheless. The apron is the lasting symbol of the urgency and dignity of that work, a work that is not finished until it is perfect. Let him wear it who can.

IX. THE TRESTLE-BOARD

Freemasonry has given the world a new ideal. This idea is the dream of a community enterprise, conceived in the spirit and performed in the atmosphere of brotherhood. "The strong gladly bear the infirmities of the weak, and the weak share joyously in their greater effectiveness."

From this one might infer, as so often has been expressed, that another man's burden is a Mason's best badge. The trouble with that is, that it has come to sound rather glib. It is not enough to lose oneself in nebulous good will. We are impatient of blissful phrases, and we want to know what is wrong. We want things called by their right names. We desire that we may draw a circle round the trouble or the need, go to the roots of the matter, and find a way out. Unfortunately the problem is not so simple as all that. It is all knit up with life, and life is infinitely involved and perplexing.

We have already discovered that Masonry is a point of view, and a way of life. Nothing proves the truth of that more clearly than the Trestle Board: nothing so unmistakably reveals the significance of the lodge's work. What is going on there? Is it profoundly urgent as life itself, or are we twiddling and fiddling about rules and precedents? Are we fumbling about awkwardly, or do we go with swift insight to the very

heart of the matter? What is the good of it all, if we clothe ourselves with resplendent regalia and recite the grand periods, and our enterprise fritters out in trivial patter? What is the good of solemn ritual if the end of the day witness only solemn humbug? What is the good of sitting in a lodge at the heart of a community calling for help, and pretending to find pleasure in minstrel shows and costume balls? Our Old Masters placed handles outside their cathedrals, that those who ran might grasp and find sanctuary. In our lodges there are men desperate in their needs. What may they grasp at? What is there for their homes? Our whole history has emphasized the fact, that Masonry has won its place in the world through the outstanding contributions it has made to world progress and enlightenment. Do the Trestle-Boards today reflect this social interest? The crowning achievements of Masonry were for all the world; must our benefits be restricted to those who have a favorable ballot and the required fee?

The Trestle-Board is the gauge of the significance of the lodge. All that we stand for is revealed there, and the lodge itself will stand or fall on that. It will answer the question why men allow their memberships to lapse. It will decide the character of the officers and members. No shoddy climber will be good enough for the real work. When there are noble tasks to perform there will be noble men to do them, and the very urgency of the work will not only stop the leaks, but fill the lodge room. When the lodge attempts a great work on the Trestle-Board, one that affects both temple and community, it will find that the ages going and coming are behind it to back it up.

X. LIGHT IN THE EAST

Perhaps one comes closest to the meaning of it all as one walks toward the Light in the East. In a way it represents the death of self, progress out of a dark and stumbling past, a straining forward toward the radiant home of the spirit. The whole universe strains upward. The sea surges up from black chaos, billows into the light, and loses itself in iridescent foam among the clouds. The rose steals upward through the dark earth, along the enamelled stem, to lose itself in subtle perfume. Why should not man strive toward his own heavenly destiny? To know just how high man can climb we have only to turn the pages of history. The entire purpose of our ritual is to illustrate the exalted destiny of the sons of God. There is nothing to compare with it for beauty and impressiveness, except Holy Communion on Easter Sunday in a beautiful church. Both emphasize the same truth, the deathlessness of goodness and love.

We are forever knocking blindly upon doors, and we remain in darkness until someone more skilled than we are places the key in our hand and the word upon our lip. Once we catch the light we may hope to reach the wicket-gate, but the way is long.

Near Keswick, in the English Lake District, there is a Druid Circle. It calls to mind the bloody sacrifices and pagan rites of 2,000 years ago. They were desperately serious about finding answers to their questions. One answer came twenty centuries afterward from near-by Grasmere, where a lonely poet walked in the

tiny garden of Dove Cottage. There is a world of difference between the weird gods of the Druids, and that Father of All Spirits of whom Wordsworth sang, He "whose dwelling is the light of the setting suns . . . and in the mind of man." Thus man picks up another clue and presses on. What will priests and poets say a thousand years hence?

In the Doge's Palace, in Venice, you will see the wall above the throne in the Grand Council Chamber, a vast space, filled with Tintoretto's "Paradise." It swarms with celestial figures, hundreds of them, a veritable chaos of heavenly faces. It has no meaning; it is so vast that the mind cannot take it all in. Then someone tells you that the central face is that of Marietta. You did not suspect that there was a central face, but now you see it. And who was Marietta? She was the daughter of Tintoretto, and had recently died. That is the secret! All the rest is clear. There swims the glorified Marietta, soaring upward into space, marshalling rank upon rank of the hosts of heaven, upward and upward to the throne of God.

In the Accademia of Venice you will see Titian's marvellous picture, "The Entombment." An old man appears in the picture, garbed like a Venetian, and evidently not one of the company. What is the meaning of this? Then your eye catches sight of a memorial tablet lying near the Holy Sepulchre, and on it you read the name of Titian's dead son. Then the old man, bowed in grief before the feet of the Crucified, must be Titian himself. Thus does he sanctify his own sorrow, and make his love immortal.

The clues we find are insignificant in themselves,—a word, a look, the touch of a hand, a song in the night, a candle in some window, a bell from some high tower—but they lead toward the light. The light itself burns fitfully at times as we approach. Yet it does burn!

XI. MARK THE PERFECT MAN

The ancient mysteries, to which Freemasonry claims affinity, exalted the perfect man. By various stages of initiation and instruction men were advanced toward perfection. Physical fitness played an important part, but the chief goal was godlike intelligence and spiritual power. One of the songs used in the Temple service, a Psalm of David, stresses this point. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the latter end of that man is peace."

The perfect man was the full-orbed man; a man who had grown wise and ripe through the discipline of experience; a man who had sought truth, loved beauty and desired goodness, and erected his life upon them. The perfect man was also four-square in his integrity, honest with himself and honest with others. It requires infinite courage to stand up straight. And the end and reward of that man was peace. By peace we mean the mature, stability, harmony and poise of man in relation to the facts of life, life without as well as life within. In other words, the man of whom David sang had reconciled himself to life, having first discovered its meaning and purpose.

Some may imagine that, because the discussion of religion in our lodges is forbidden, we are to adopt a negative attitude on spiritual problems. Nothing

could be further from the truth. There is nothing negative in the whole institution and, moreover, the entire purpose of the Craft is to equip men spiritually for the main ventures of life, which are all spiritual tasks. Sectarianism has no place, it is true, but the very foundation of the order is religious.

No one knows better than a Mason at what a costly price peace must be won. A traveller once stopped at Stresa. Below his window lay Isola Bella, in lovely Lake Maggiore, where Mussolini met the diplomats from France and Britain. The castle was formerly the residence of the Borromeos of Milan. In Saint Carlo Borromeo the fortunes of the Dukes of Milan reached their pinnacle, as the Cathedral of Milan will witness. At the other end of the lake stood Locarno. The Alps closed in from the north, encircling it in the arm of the everlasting hills. It was easy to believe, in such an atmosphere, that peace would come if you only kept quiet. Yet what tales the walls of Stresa and Locarno might tell about the cost of peace!

You stand on the Fisher's Bastion in Budapest and gaze upon the Danube. One would never guess that for a thousand years this river had been the highway of wars and terrors, the mad frenzy of Attila and the insane bigotry of the Turk. Back yonder strongholds of robber barons crumble to the plains. The camp of Emperor Marcus Aurelius is but a heap of stones, and where he dreamed of truth and peace reigns the quiet of the tomb. Surely the price had been paid, and peace has come forever. Yet on monument and hoarding the people hang their placards in protest against a humiliating peace, and the dismemberment of their old and proud empire at Trianon. Those cards read: "No! No! Never!" And one asks sadly, can there ever be peace?

The grain fields of Flanders undulate in long waves, the golden harvest marking in ebb and flow the filled-in trenches of the Great War. In the farmyards stand grotesque concrete gun placements and pill-boxes, and over these the peasants train climbing roses red as blood. One must clearly forget much to possess peace at all. The astounding multitudes of crosses, rank on rank, many of them marked simply, "A British Soldier—known unto God"; the ruins and the waste, and the smouldering hate in the eyes of the conquered; the swaggering insolence of Fascist youths; the utter wretchedness of the poor; these cry aloud to heaven that at Geneva, in those halls cooled by the eternal snows of Savoy, there may yet come understanding, sanity, humility, repentance and peace.

The neophyte in aspiring to perfection desired the death of self. Perhaps there is no higher wisdom than to lose oneself. Paul constantly returns to the metaphor, and it was no mere rhetorical flourish. He desired so to identify himself with his Lord that he himself would disappear. St. Augustine desired that his will should become one with the will of Heaven. It seemed strange that one must die to live, lose oneself to find oneself. Yet the death of self is the beginning both of wisdom and of life. This was the secret wisdom of the ancient mysteries, our forbears, so to speak—life through death.

A man preens himself, and in his pride loses his spiritual sensitiveness. He covets honours and honour flies out the window. He hoards wealth and learning,

and real riches and truth turn to dust and ashes. The selfish man blights what he touches; the small man dwarfs the city he would rule. And so on it goes. The perfect man buries self, and thereby discovers immortality.

Masonry is rich in illustrations of this principle. It never wearies of stressing the truth that one dies to live, that true greatness consists in a man being buried that he should rise to new life, that secrecy, fidelity and obedience are but different ways of losing oneself in the common good.

The idea of death and resurrection run through all cults and religions of the world. Everyone is familiar with the legends of Dionysus, whose grave was in the Delphic Temple, Aphrodite and Adonis, Cybele and Attis, Jupiter and Juno, Osiris and Isis. They come to us from Rome, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Phrygia, and even from Scandinavia in the Legend of Balder. The Eleusinian mysteries, the rites of the Egyptians, the cult of the Druids, the ritual that made of Lake Nemi the mirror of the face of Diana, and its oak groves sacred to the Kings of the Wood, are all of the same piece. They inculcate the mysteries of the nativity; of death and resurrection; vegetation, decay and revival; summer and winter. The deities were called Lord of Life, The Corn God, Green Mother and Lady of Bread, whether to the initiates they were named Diana, Demeter or Astarte, Apollo, Balder or Jove. Their symbols were the fig, oak, pomegranate, corn or mistletoe. The king assumed both royal and priestly duties. The sacred rites of Eleusis contained many features common to all, darkness, the vigil, a holy communion, ablu-tion, burial, and resurrection. The principal festivals coincided with either seed-time or harvest. All this has been sublimated today, made symbolic of the passage from death to life in the soul of man. What began as a rite to propitiate the god of harvests and secure food, has ended with an equally urgent symbol of man's hunger for the new life, one that is triumphant today and that tomorrow does not pass away.

The story is told of a Chinese emperor who summoned a celebrated artist to his palace. This great painter had once been visited by the gods, and told the secret of seeing into the heart of things. Being able to do this he saw much beauty where others saw only deformity, gladness where others beheld only hate, and hope where others recognized only defeat.

One day the Emperor commanded the artist to cover the walls of his palace with glorious frescoes while he himself went on a long journey. Everywhere he went among his people the Emperor was applauded and honored because of his rank, and he swelled with pride as he thought of the millions of subjects ready to die for him and his throne. After many moons had passed the Emperor returned to his palace, and at once asked to be taken to the artist's work. The great painter himself agreed to act as guide.

As Emperor and artist walked through the beautiful gardens on their way to the palace, the artist turned to the Emperor. "No man, O King, is living the life that is worth living unless he is willing to die for something—at least to die a little. Nothing that man does is worth anything unless he sheds a little of his own life's blood for it, believes in it, loves it, becomes a living part of it, is willing for it to give up his very

life that it too should live. Soldiers and saints have died for their loves, and that is why we remember them and reverence them."

They had now come to the palace, and were standing before a wonderful mural. The Emperor stood entranced, lost in wonder and admiration. Then a strange thing happened. The artist clapped his hands once, and a huge cave, seen in the picture, opened upon the wall and received the painter out of sight.

When the Emperor had recovered from his surprise he remembered the artist's words, how that the perfect artist loses himself in his work, and because of that neither the worker nor his work shall ever die. "I think," said the Emperor, "that I shall go again among my people, and give myself for them. I, too, would be a perfect artist, and would put myself into real men, and because they live I shall live also."

The singer of the psalm seems to say: "I have marked the perfect man, the true man, all my days. I have beheld his unfailing decency, his perduring kindness, and his unflinching honesty time and time again; and I am here to say that the end of that man, and his everlasting reward, is peace—peace in his own soul here and now, and peace in the life to come."

XII. ALTARS OF EARTH

Thirty-five centuries ago a child was born. Its mother was a bond-woman and its father a serf. For generations its ancestors had been slaves under the cruellest of tyrannies.

Eighty years later the Lord of Heaven came down to earth. He grieved for this scourged race. He looked through the world for a man valiant and wise enough to face the merciless Pharaoh. He wanted a leader strong enough to shepherd three million slaves back to freedom. He wanted a statesman able enough to control a wandering nation, a people without government or capital, a people kept in dark ignorance and ground down into black despair. He wanted a man who could lead this defenceless army over deserts without camels, over seas without ships, over lands where no worn trail might guide them and no food be found. He wanted a man who would write the history of those freed slaves, and make their sorrows live so long as time lasted. He wanted a law-giver who would bind them together, and establish a model of justice for all the ages to follow. He wanted a man to whom Heaven might stoop and speak and be understood, and to whom the children of earth would rise and listen and follow. He searched the proud empires of the world, through court and temple and marketplace, but found no man. Then He went to a quiet mountain place and hid Himself in a bush radiant with unearthly glory. The greatest man that lived came near. This was the man for whom the ages had waited.

There came a day when God called this man to Him. He would speak with His leader, Moses, again, and talk with him about a new law for mankind. There upon Sinai for forty days and nights the Father of all spirits unfolded the secret of justice and mercy and love. These ten commandments men shall obey that society may hold together. Wherever they have been honoured men have climbed the stairway of the stars;

where they have been dishonoured the societies of men and their proudest memorials have crumbled into ruin and dust.

And when the laws of a new moral and social order were declared, the Voice of Love spoke again. He had shown how government and society itself should be made impregnable, now He would speak of the realm of the spirit, of reverence and sacrifice, of truth and love, for by these came value and dignity either to laws or to life. So, turning to the old leader, He commanded: "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto Me."

A mound of earth would stand as a symbol of those holy hills upon which Jehovah had dwelt to be near His people. From Sinai, Gerizim and Jerusalem the pledge and covenant of love and protection had never failed. Therefore these mounds of earth would be tokens of a progressive revelation of love and truth, symbols of a long and cumulative spiritual experience. Before them they would bow as once they did before the thundering voice from Sinai, and as in olden time they had sacrificed upon these high places, so should these mounds witness their profoundest acts of reverence and devotion. Revelation, renewal, sacrifice, worship, love—for these the mounds would be constant memorials.

When God had spoken to His servant, one may imagine Moses saying in surprise, "Altars of Earth! Why the winds will tear them and the rains will wash them down." And perhaps the Voice will reply, "Just so. Today at the end of the march toward the Land of the Everlasting Promise, you will scoop from the soil a small mound in memory of Me. There you will place your sacrifice, and kindle the sacred fire. And the veil of smoke that rises into the twilight will be to Me a banner of love. What matters it if the winds and rains wear the altar away? Tomorrow you will not require it, for your march will have taken you yonder, and at the close of another day you will build another altar of earth. On it you will place the old familiar sacrifice, and the smoke that rises will speak to Me of another day's journey, further progress, new scenes, riper experience, another step toward the Promised Place. If you must use stone, for some days there may be little else but stones, let the altar be of rough stones, gathered in haste from the plain. Do not wait to cut them and square them, for the sacrifice is the important thing, and besides, tomorrow you will be on your way. And so from sunset to sunset, you will erect these memorials of our former pledges of love; on and on you will go, each evening some progress, some new truth, some unsuspected beauty, some undivined good, and the ascending sacrifice will hover above you as a signal of new ground gained. Let your altars be of earth, and let them speak of the fresh experiences of each day, vital, immediate, and satisfying."

Rules and regulations are necessary for good order. Charges and exhortations are useful for good manners. Yet, if the lights be not set, and the altar raised within, there can be no valid living at all. Sometimes you see a wonderful church; everything strikes you as perfect, its balance and proportion, the masterly employment of the materials, the sweep and rhythm of arch and tower. Then you approach the altar, and there the architect fumbled. The glass, from floor to roof

like molten gold and liquid jewels, seems to mock the tawdry thing. What happened? Someone stumbled when he approached the essential fact. He thought to make a show-case when the place and the people needed an altar.

Nothing but this central symbol gives significance or permanency to the work of a lodge. It is so imperative that all else is but varied commentary upon it. As a mere symbol it is a cold and lifeless cipher. As a mound of earth, a part of the common soil of the community, vital with the indispensable sacrifice of that hour, a signal to the lodge and to the community round about it of new experiences and tasks of inescapable significance, a sign or token of love seeking new outlets for a new day, fresh as the morning, no older than the day's setting, as such this altar at the centre of the lodge will transform it, and make the employment of the brethren exalted and godlike as becomes a holy communion of brothers.

Just as architects take materials which all the world knows and understands, and out of these, according to a beautiful pattern, erect a temple, so also does

Freemasonry. The ideas it endorses, the truths it teaches, are old and tried, and are common to enlightened and spiritually-minded men everywhere. Yet, out of these commonplaces, it rears a marvellous fabric. Like religion it dramatizes its faith in such a manner as to make it unforgettable. Like religion it erects an altar and for the same purpose. The lights, the Sacred Law, speak of truth that is revealed and tried, truth that does not fail one in life, nor forsake one in death. The service in the temple is the same, consummated in an atmosphere of brotherhood, a priesthood of craftsmen. But whereas religion asks subscription to a confession of doctrinal belief, Masonry strips the whole matter to two fundamental duties, I believe in God the Father; I believe in the Brotherhood of Man. Masonry is, therefore, fundamentally religious. Any institution without the vital spark of spiritual life is doomed. Without religion there is nothing to warm it, to give light to it, make it grow. At the same time, any institution that attempts the world's work today, and does not cut horizontally through all society, trusting its case to the brotherhood of all talents, cannot last.

FREEMASONRY AND SHEEP "DOWN UNDER"

[The following letter from Brother Gamble, who resides in Western Australia, will be of interest to our readers. It shows that although distance may separate brethren from each other, their concern for the rest of the Craft still holds true. It would be a fraternal act for some of our readers to write this good brother, for it can well be imagined that in his remote section of the world letters from outside are very welcome. We hope that the rain which is so wanted in W. A., and of which we have had such surfeit, will have descended ere this, and that prospects are brighter for a big wool clip.]—ED. CRAFTSMAN.

Mardie Station,
Via Onslow,
23 Dec. 1936.

A. H. Moorhouse, Esq.,
Masonic Temple,
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Dear Brother Moorhouse:

I have to thank you for your welcome letter, also the two copies of the CRAFTSMAN, which greatly interested me. You ask for a glimpse of life out here. I will give you a brief outline of the Craft first.

We have the Grand Lodge of Western Australia, with 160 lodges, with a membership of approximately 10,000. There are also two District Grand Lodges of Scotland, and one lodge still under the Grand Lodge of England.

Our lodges are not numerically strong, the largest having a roll of 118 members, but being small in numbers, we get to know each other more personally. Being a large State, there are a great number of country lodges, some being a great distance from the capital, Perth. Last year our then grand master, M. W. Bro. F. McMullan, flew by plane a return trip of 3,500

miles to open and consecrate "West Kimberley Lodge, which is our furthest outpost.

Some of the brethren of the country lodges travel long distances to attend. Journeys 5,000 and more miles over rough tracks, being quite common. One brother rode 140 miles on horseback for his "raising." It speaks well for their love of the Craft when they do this. Up here in the Northwest, inter-lodge visiting is very rare, as the lodges are so far apart. Taking Harding Lodge No. 9 as an example, the nearest lodge south is No. 64, it being nearly 600 miles away. Lodge No. 52 is 500 miles north, and Lodge No. 161 is a further 180 miles still. Most of the station owners are members of the Craft.

I think I have given you a faint idea of the Craft out here, so will turn to the every day life up here.

The stations (ranches I think you would call them) from Geraldton to Broome, are mostly sheep stations. From Broome up to the farthest North are cattle. This station is 640,840 acres in area, and in a normal season shears approximately 48,000 sheep for 1100 bales of wool. It is divided up by fences into large paddocks, and watered by 72 wells each equipped with a windmill, tank and troughs. We are 1080 miles from Perth and 900 miles from the nearest railway, our nearest seaport being Onslow, 116 miles away. All our mail and stores, etc., are sent up by ship to Onslow, and sent out by motor truck. The thing that hurts most is that we only get a mail once a fortnight. We have a local post office for the sale of stamps, etc. This is run by the station. At present we are going through the worst drought known, having had no rain since June, 1934, two and one-half years ago. We shear 37,000 sheep for 547 bales of wool. If we mustered now, we would be lucky to handle 25,000 sheep, as they are dying in hundreds since shearing. I expect it will rain some day. We have been

living on tinned meat for over six months, as sheep are too poor to kill, and we have forgotten what the taste of fresh meat is like.

I am sending to you a Christmas number of one of our papers, which will give you a faint idea of the country out here. If you know of a member of the Craft who would be willing to write to me and send your

CRAFTSMAN every month, would you put him in touch with me? And I will write and send the W. A. Craftsman each month. I think I have written all for this time, so will close with fraternal wishes for a Happy New Year.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,
HARRY ED. GAMBLE.



200th MASONIC ANNIVERSARY

At the 200th anniversary celebration of Freemasonry in New York State, Jacob C. Klinck, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, opened the meeting, on May 4th, with a defense of Masons "persecuted even unto death" in many parts of the world.

Some 1,300 delegates were present at the Masonic Hall, 71 West 23rd Street, New York City, for the opening of the three-day session, which was officially known as the 156th annual communication of the Grand Lodge of New York. The annual meetings date from the granting of the new charter in 1781, after the revolt of the Colonies from England, but Masonry in the state actually dates from the year 1737.

In his address Grand Master Klinck stated: "In many parts of the world our Fraternity has been and still is being sorely distressed, its character and purposes are misrepresented and distorted. It may be that the fact we are a secret society has made us a menace and a mark to point to as a menace and to charge with responsibility for sundry of the ills of the world."

The financial statement of the Grand Lodge showed its combined assets to be \$6,326,994.

On the second day of the session Grand Master Klinck received the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island's Medal for Meritorious Service. At a dinner held that night at the Hotel Astor in commemoration of the 200th anniversary, former U. S. Attorney Charles H. Tuttle and the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, 33°, of Philadelphia, were speakers.

K. T. SERVICES AT CATHEDRAL

The 10th annual memorial service of the Knights Templar of the New York City area was held on May 2, 1937, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Dean Milo H. Gates, in a stir-

ring address to the 1,500 assembled Knights, warned them against acceptance of the type of pacifist propaganda that would prevent the taking up of arms in defense of the country against enemy attacks. He stated that several days prior he had been asked to sign a pledge against participation in war. The phrasing of the pledge was such that if he signed, he would have promised not to take up arms under any circumstances, not even in defense of the country. "Where," he asked, "would the thirteen colonies and George Washington have been if they had believed in such weak, misguided, puerile pacifism?"

TO MARK FIRST

FILIPINO LODGE

On February 22nd, the cornerstone of a monument, which will mark the spot where the first Masonic lodge in the Philippines was established, was laid at Kawit, (Cavite) by the Grand Lodge of the Philippine Islands.

The monument will be a memorial to Jose Rizal, famous Filipino patriot and martyr who was executed by the Spaniards on the field of Bagumbayan, December 30, 1896, and whose death anniversary is a public holiday in the Philippines.

Describing the figure, *The Cabletore*, a Masonic publication published at Manila, states in its issue of March, 1937:

"We now come to the main figure of Rizal. He stands with forehead high and dignified. His expression is one of peace and contentment, but he stands indomitable and determined. His hands are clasped over the Apron, emblematic of the Mason's robe. The figure as a whole is solid and compact, thus giving one a sense of solidity and impregnability. Such is the man Rizal—impregnable as the mighty Rock of Gibraltar, a true Oriental and above all a true Mason!"

NEW ROSE CROIX CHAPTER

A Scottish Rite body, namely, a Lodge of Perfection, was established in the nation's oldest city, St. Augustine, Fla., some fifteen years ago, and now permission has been granted for the establishment there of a Chapter of Rose Croix.

W. C. Johnson, of Jacksonville, Deputy of the Southern Supreme Council, district of North Florida, recently presented the authority for work to the new chapter, on which occasion the following officers were installed:

W. A. MacWilliams, Most Wise Master; W. H. Hobbs, Senior Warden; H. P. Boone, Junior Warden; Shirley Grabill, Expert; W. E. Moeller, Assistant Expert; F. J. Buchanan, Guardian of the Temple; A. E. Calkins, Standard Bearer; A. W. Jeffs, Orator; H. C. Thitchner, Secretary-Treasurer, and W. H. Thomas, Almoner.

NOVELIST HONORED

Irving Bacheller, novelist and essayist, received the annual award given by the Masonic Grand Lodge of New York State for distinguished achievement in the field of art. The award, known as the Grand Master's Medal, was presented at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of New York City, May 5, 1937. The citation read at the presentation praised Mr. Bacheller for his "fine craftsmanship, sincerity and truth."

A GENEROUS BEQUEST

Mrs. Alice K. Hertlein, who passed away at Sandusky, Ohio, April 7, 1937, made a bequest, the value of which is estimated at \$52,000, to Science Lodge No. 50, F.&A.M., of that city. According to the provisions in the will, this money is to be known as the "John F. Hertlein Memorial Fund," and is to be held and administered for charitable purposes by the lodge.

It further provides that the "bene-

fits of said fund shall not be restricted exclusively to Masons and their families, nor shall any beneficiary be preferred or discriminated against because of religious or political affiliations."

Her husband, John F. Hertlein, who died July 7, 1935, was a member of Science Lodge, as well as the Royal Arch, Royal and Select Masters, Erie Commandery, K. T., and the Scottish Rite bodies of Toledo.

PATRIOTISM AND MASONRY

At the 61st annual communication of the Grand Lodge of South Dakota, Grand Secretary George A. Pettigrew, 33°, in his annual report, referring to Patriotism, said:

"Patriotism is not only a love of country, but devotion to the ideals and service to the institutions of our national government. Today enemies are at work instigated by foreign communistic propaganda which has been at work since 1928. It is our Masonic patriotic duty to stand by and give our best efforts to keep alive as a vital force in the world the one organization that has always stood for enlightenment, justice, liberty and the uplift of the human race. The organization that has done more to stamp out bigotry, intolerance and the impediment to free-thought than any other institution in the world."

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DEDICATES LIBRARY

The Scottish Rite Bodies of Portland, Ore., were paid an official visit by Grand Commander John H. Cowles, 33°, of the Mother Supreme Council, on May 4th and 5th, which event was celebrated by a dinner at which 700 Masons were present.

The new Library in the Scottish Rite Temple was officially dedicated by Mr. Cowles. Beautifully furnished and equipped, the Library is the result of a gift made by the late Joseph Simen, 33°, former U. S. Senator from Oregon.

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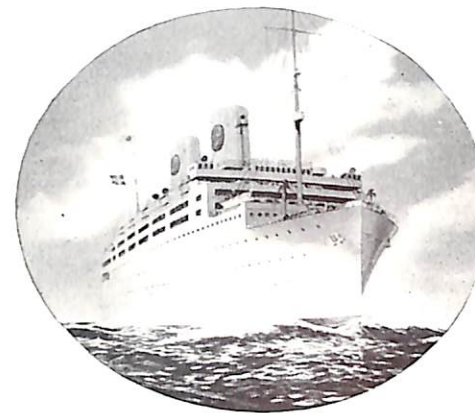
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